Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fits my degree, or your condition:
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable ſhunes your high requeſt,
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet ſo much is my pouerty of ſpirit,
So mighty and ſo many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatneſſe,
Being a barke to brooke no mighty ſea,
Then in my greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmothered:
But God be thanked thers no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
Which mellowed by the ſtealing houres of time,
Will well become the ſeate of Maieſty;
And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy ſtarres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.

Buc. My Lord, this argues conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay that *Edward* is your brothers ſonne,
So ſay we too but not by *Edwards* wife:
For firſt he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witneſſe to that vow,
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betrothed
To *Bona* ſiſter to the King of *France*;
Theſe both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and diſtreſſed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her beſt dayes,
Made price and purchace of his luſtfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To baſe declention loathed bigamy,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Pri
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue
I giue a ſparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall ſelfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to bleſſe vs and the Land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall ſtocke,
From the corruption of a buſy time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued courſe.

May. Doe good my Lord, your Citizens in
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawful
Glo. Alas, why ſhould you heape thoſe care
I am vnfit for ſtate and dignity:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.

Buc. If you refuſe it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the child your brothers ſonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And equally indeed to all eſtates,
Yet whether you except our ſuit or no,
Your brothers ſon ſhall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downefall of your houſe:
And in this reſolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, ile intreat no more.

Glo. O doe not ſweare my Lord of *Buckin*
Cat. Call them againe my Lord, and accep
Ano. Do good my Lord, leaſt all the Land
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world o
Well call them againe, I am not made of ſton
But penetrable to your kind intents,
Albeit againſt my conſcience, and my ſoule;
Couſin of *Buckingham*, and you ſage graue me
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I muſt haue patience to endure the loade.